

N E V V E S

FROM ROME.

O R

A Relation of the Pope and his Patentees
Pilgrimage into Hell, with their entertain-
ment, and the Popes returne backe
agaîne to R O M E.

With an Elegiacall Confabulation betweene
D E A T H and H O N O U R.

A Lecture which may be read to the greatest Monarch
in the world.



Printed in the Yeare

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againe to ROME.

THe *Stigian* King for honour to his Court
Now sits in state, delighting in the sport
His Furies make him, but they had not long
Practis'd their hellish Gambolls, when a throng
Of unknowne guests were scene, *Pluto* gan frowne,
Their Leader did not vayne his triple crowne;
Then with a contract brow he thus bespake,
Cannot our frowne make this same vassall quake.
Then fell the Pope upon his bended knee,
And cries, how fares your gracious Majestic.
At length looking about he doth there see
Sterne *Rhadamanthus*, with the Furies three,
Three-headed *Cerberus*, then he doth spy
Jxions wheele, and *Theseus* misery.
All standing round about him, as to heare
Some unknown matter, his speech was stoppt by
At last forgetting feare, he lowd doth call (feare
Unto his God for justice, that the Hall

Did ring with Eccho, making his complaint
 Against the *English*, till he grew quite faint.
 At length he thus proceeded, and did say
 They scorne my servants, and me disobay.
 But some there are who to me faithfull were,
 But they are gone, th'are fled I know not where.
 My *Goldfinch*, *Wildebanke*, my *Suckling* young,
 Who could so well pray in ovr Roman tongue;
 Are gone for feare of chiding, O they would
 Have elevated me, if that they could.
 My chiefest Prelate there they keepe in thrall,
 Who stands in feare to smell the Judgement hall.
 My Irish King is dead, he would be so,
 But O my friends doe fall, ev'n by my foe.
 Now having finisht, he aloud doth call
 Unto his patent friends, that they should fall
 Each on his knee, presenting each his gift,
 Thinking to gaine great favour was his drift.
 The first Tobacco in a pipe well stufte
 Presents to *Pluto* (after it was pufte)
 Which when the black *Tartarian* god did smell,
 He fretted, fumed, and said; Is not Hell
 Stored enough with base sulphurous smoke,
 But you must thus conspire me here to choake;
 Is not our person stored with fumes enough,
 That you must here present us such a stufte;
 Base Varlet, with Heathenish Indian weed,
 I present, I abhorre, and for this deed,
 I doe exile thee, never to come neare
 Our Court againe, without continuall feare;
 I ordaine to that faire *Elysians* field,
 Nor joy nor comfort to thee ere shall yeeld;

Bur

But thou with *Tantalus* shalt starve, and thirst,
 For thou from henceforth ever art accurs'd.
 Tobacco gone, no longer it must stay
 But like a chimney smoke vanish away.
 Then down falls Soap, thinking cleane out to wash
 Tobacco's staine, but sterne *Megaraes* lash
 Doth force him up, the Pope doth weep to see,
 Soap ladders out of *Plutoes* companie:
 Then *Bacchus* friend upon his knee doth fall
 Presenting that which bitter was as Gall,
 The price of Wine I meane, but *Pluto* he
 Foreknowing of his plots his signe would see;
 Then of his pocket paper out he drew,
 Wherein pourtrayed was in lively hue
 The forme of couzenage, about her standing
 Seven-penny pint pots as new landing
 On *English* shore: In her face did he see,
 The true effigies of a Patentee:
 At length the Wine he did intend to taste,
 Which stunk of Horseflesh, then was *Pluto* past
 The bounds of patience, and to all did sweare,
 The first Inventer on't should loose an eare.
 He was incens'd so far that he did vow
 That he hereafter never would allow
 Such wicked doings, he wished these knaves
 Had long agoe been buried in their graves.
 If he meant *Abell* now I cannot tell,
 I will enquire the next Post comes from Hell;
 Yet *Abels* sacrifice was first accepted
 When wicked *Cains* his brothers disrespected.
 Then did all other Patents kneele together,
 But chiefeft notice taken was of Leather,

Which to a Coach transformed was not shoes,
Wherefore for him the Furies made a noose,
And hung him out a tanning, but the Pope
Being tormented, was quite out of hope
In Hell to gaine redresse for's miseries,
Wherefore with speed to cursed Rome he flies,
Without his Patents, *Charon* would not row
Such damned friends, to all the world a foe:
They are in Hell, and there let them abide,
Who were the causers of much misery,
Jesuites are angry because thus I write,
So let them be, these lines I doe endite
Onely to them, and each clove *in* Fryer,
Whom Hell much wants to kindle *Plutoes* fire:
My Muse is weary of so black a theme,
Wherefore shees flowne unto her sisters streame,
To cleanse her selfe, I me sure anon againe
Shee will returne, then Ile write better *traine*.



An Elegiacal Confabulation

BETWEENE

DEATH and Honour.

A Lecture which may be read to the greatest Monarch in the world.

H: **W**Hat horrid Monster 'ist which I doe see,
D: One that is cometo make a coarfe of thee?
Nay, frowne not Honour, thou must me obay;
H: Whar art thou slave, which dar'st to me thus say!

D: My

D: My name is death, *Hon.* Death thy selfe enlarge,
Tell me thy nature, office, and thy charge.

D: For to declare to thee such things are vaine,
I am triumphant, and demands disdain
Of greatest Monarchs, Death stands not in feare;
Than know proud Honour, Death will never spare.

H: Base Fiend, what art thou which to me dost strike?
Tell me, what art thou? or else quickly walke.

D: Alas poore else, dost thinke to conjure Death,
Thou canst not, therefore come yeeld up thy breath.

H: Honour yeeld breath, pray tell me unto whom,

D: To Death, therefore with speed prepare thy Tombe.
Honour is vaine, 'tis mortall, quickly gone,
This my keene dart shall force the proudest groane.
Then Honour shake off pride, and avoyd lust,
Highest of honours must humbled be 'ith dust.

H: How Honour humbled? an example show
Then of thy power sufficient I shall know.

D: I am content thy pleasure to fulfill,
Example I will shew, then know my skill.
Had not Lord *Wentworth* honours? yes 'tis true,
Who dare deny it, by valour he it drew,
His wisdom unto after ages shall
Renowned be, and live perpetuall.

D: What is true valour, *Hon:* to overcome 'ith field,

D: But Death doth force greatest Commanders yeeld.

H: Since Guns and Rapiers first invented were
Faint-hearted mortalls, of Death stood in feare.

D: Never before did Honour yeeld to me,

H: Never true Honour alwaies scap't scot-free.

D: Honour thou lyft, I am sure ever yet,
Death ruld the roast, man onely turnd the spir.

But

But yet Ile reall be, *Coslick Honour*
 Is fearelesse still, though *Death* display his *Banner*.
 But as for such it descends from above,
 In man infused it is by heavenly *Jove*.

But yet they die which reall Honour have,
 And yet their fame survives, they being in grave.
 Those which for terrene honours gape and call,
 By soaring high oft times doe catch a fall.

Now answer *Honour*, tell to me thy minde,
 Where like to *Death* another canst thou finde:
 What silent *Honour*, dar'st thou not reply?

Answer me quick, this Dart must make thee die.

Hector that worthy Prince of famous *Troy*
 Overcame, and with him *Priams* joy.

These greatest honours had, they *Worthies* were,
 And yet to strike them did not *I Death* feare.

Then say no more, that I am too too cruell,
 The *Fates* command that we should fight a duell.

H: O hold, hold *Death*, to thee doth *Honour* yield;

Conquer'd I am, to thee belongs the field:

Thus world adue, farewell yee mortalls all,
 Shrubs may stand fast, when tallest *Cedars* fall.

Renowned be, and live perpetuall.

T. B.

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